

[Five Easy Steps](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Lance's new student orientation includes a two-hour seminar on goal achievement that he completely forgets everything about as soon as he walks the five minutes back to his dorm.

He suddenly remembers it all when his psychology TA walks in the room and he and Keith share a telepathic moment of immediately wanting to date him.

Lance is pretty sure the Center for Student Success never intended their *Five Steps for Reaching Your College Goals* program to be used this way, but he's gonna follow it until he gets that ass.

Five Easy Steps

Author's Note:

One time I got a mental image of Lance reverse-cowgirling it the fuck up on Shiro while Keith blew him.

Then I decided it needed a backstory.

Then I wrote 40 pages of backstory.

Ta-da.

jsyk I kind of wrote this in mind that it's the precursor to my other shklance college AU fic, but I also didn't do enough fact-checking to make sure that those work contiguously and I'm pretty sure it doesn't because the boys all have different majors. But my point is: I wrote some other shklance college AU fic too.

During new student orientation, Lance (along with the rest of the freshman class) was forced to sit through an extensive seminar on goal achievement. He was pretty sure it was just a litmus test to make sure that any freshmen who couldn't sit through two-hour lectures realized it right away and dropped those classes before they started. Lance survived mostly by texting his boyfriend during the whole thing—Keith was seated in another area of the auditorium because they were divided by department and Humanities was across the room from Writing and Literature.

Me

5 steps to reaching ur goal. Dumb. How about 5 steps to get that ass?

Lance was pretty sure the RA at the end of the row was judging him for texting during this very important seminar Lance wasn't gonna remember.

Keith must've been equally bored.

Keith

Only 1 step: ask ur bf nicely.

Me

Hey Keith I got a question for you
Can I get that ass?

Keith

gdi lance I said nicely.

— — —

Lance reversed his stance of, "I'm never going to use anything I learned during orientation" right after his first college class. It wasn't because he suddenly realized college wasn't high school or that he needed to get organized and take control of his own career path or some dumb shit like that. Nope, Lance was about to put all that goal-achievement stuff into action right away, because he (and Keith) had a new accomplishment to reach.

Lance's new life goal walked into their gen psych class halfway through the part where everyone doesn't ask questions about the syllabus and introduced himself as Shiro, their TA. He said something about open tutoring hours that Lance didn't quite get because he was too busy admiring the way Shiro's Garrison U T-shirt stretched so tight over Shiro's chest.

He would've brushed it off with an, oh well, I guess I'm going to have to deal with a semester of staring at a totally bangable dude every morning at 8AM, except that as soon as they left the lecture hall, he and Keith quietly and simultaneously sighed, "*damn.*" It was fate.

Lance stuck that "Steps to Achieving Your Goals" pamphlet in the front of his planner that was full of more doodles than deadlines. Get ready, college.

Step One: Be specific about what you want to achieve.

"So, Shiro."

Lance was laying on the floor in their dorm room, repeatedly throwing and catching the stress ball that had been included in the little box of freshman goodies that had been on the dresser when they moved in. Smart move, dorm life staff.

Keith, who was sitting at his desk, spun his chair around and poked Lance in the knee with his foot. "You know that one time we talked about how we'd be down to have a threeway with another guy if it was someone we both liked?"

"So," Lance repeated, "Shiro."

Keith shook his head and then blew his bangs out of his eyes. "Theoretically. But he's our TA, not our friend, and definitely not... *that*."

The stress ball came down again, and this time, Lance didn't catch it, so it bounced off his face. "You underestimate me," he said, reaching for his phone. "I mean, the boy gave the whole class his phone number. Hey, Keith, you think you need some tutoring in psychology?"

"Not really, it's my major."

"Fine, looks like I'm going to do all the heavy lifting on this one."

"Sounds fair." Keith went back to whatever the hell he was doing on his computer. He couldn't have homework yet, so Lance assumed it was just some organizational thing that worked for people who weren't Lance.

After a few texts back and forth, Lance chucked the stress ball at Keith's head. It bounced off the wall next to Keith's head, but it got his attention just fine. "Guess who's meeting Shiro tomorrow to go over some syllabus questions?"

"Hunk."

"You could have at least guessed somebody who's actually in the class."

Step Two: Create a plan of action.

"Do you want to come work out with me tomorrow?" Keith asked. It must've just been a courtesy invite, because tomorrow was *Saturday*, and Lance didn't even like going to the gym on weekdays when the pool was open. Too many bros in tank tops who made him feel insecure about his lack of muscle tone.

"You know I don't, babe." He was on his back on their surprisingly comfy Goodwill couch, his feet in Keith's lap, trying to beat Pidge in a Pokemon battle. He was losing badly, because he'd made his entire team water types, and Pidge's Venusaur was kicking his ass.

"I'm not going to the gym, just a run. It'd just be me and you, and my gym buddy," Keith said.

Oh, yeah, his gym buddy. Lance was glad Keith was making friends. "Would gym buddy make fun of me for the fact that my running shorts look extra short just because my legs are so long?"

"Nope," Keith said. "He might stare at your butt, though."

"Then you'll just have to frown at him a lot," Lance said, poking Keith in the thigh with his toes. "Damn it, Pidge! Quit it with the razor leaf bullshit!" He chucked a shoe at the wall, and swore he could hear Pidge cackling from next door.

"You sure you're not gonna be too sore from Pidge beating you up?"

Lance growled, because his screen went black and he got the nice ol' *you lost!* message. "I'll be there."

Lance was cool with waking up at seven to go running. Keith was the one who wasn't a morning person, but he suspended his morning irritation for Saturday runs only if he was guaranteed a shower and a nap immediately after. That said, Keith was pretty quiet as they walked across campus to the student union, where they were meeting up with whoever Keith went running with. Lance hadn't bothered to ask a name, because he was pretty bad at being friends with people who went to the gym a lot. And he was even worse at remembering names.

Lance wasn't expecting to come across Shiro, standing in front of the student center, wearing basketball shorts and a tank top, the most dressed-down Lance had ever seen him. He looked up when the two of them approached, and he must not have noticed Lance's jaw briefly hitting the sidewalk, because he just said, "hey, Keith. Glad you finally got Lance to come along."

Oh. This was the running buddy. No wonder Keith could get himself out of bed for this every week.

They were a good four weeks into the semester, and recently, Lance hadn't seen Shiro outside of class. He'd met up with him during his open hours for a tutoring session or two, but then he felt bad taking up all Shiro's time when he didn't actually need the academic help. *Apparently*, Keith had found another avenue.

"Dude. You didn't tell me Shiro was your gym buddy."

"You didn't ask," Keith said, and he was grinning, but Lance didn't look at him for long, because he was busy watching Shiro stretch—*god*, his shoulders were toned.

Shiro must have spent some serious time at the gym. The guy's biceps were massive, and Lance swore he could see Shiro's abs through his shirt. He wasn't even going to start thinking about Shiro's pecs, even though his tank top was low-cut enough to show off exactly how perfect they would be to bury your face in. Fuck, now he was thinking about it. He couldn't look away, and—oh, shit. Shiro's eyes met his—he'd been caught.

Lance coughed into his fist and pretended to be \very interested in a tree over to his left. Shiro just brushed it off, because he was cool like that. "Are you gonna start working out with us?" he asked, and Lance kind of wished he could agree, but nope, his hatred of lifting won out every time.

He shook his head. "Nah, dude. I only like swimming and yoga. And sometimes, I run. Obviously." He was glad he'd looked away before Shiro got into any leg stretches and Lance started staring at his ass.

"Obviously," Keith echoed. "Are you gonna stretch?"

"Oh, yeah," Lance said.

Because it was the only sexy exercise-related thing he could do, he went straight into full splits to a dry laugh and a, "showoff," from Keith. Shiro stared for a second, though. And Lance could've sworn he went a little bit red. Well. That was flattering.

"Yeah, I see the yoga part, now," Shiro said, and Lance just laughed.

"This is nothing. I can put my leg over my head if I do the right stretches first."

And that only made Shiro go redder. Lance was seriously going to have to convince Keith to drag Shiro to a yoga class. Unfortunately, that would involve convincing Keith to go to a yoga class, and Keith had told Lance probably a dozen times that he would never do any kind of exercise that could be done to harp music. That made Lance want to take him along even more, just to see an instructor try to tell Keith to relax.

"You want to do a couple handstands, or are you ready to go?" Keith asked, and Lance rolled his eyes and stood (on his feet, not his hands, thank you.)

"Lead the way," Lance said, pulling once on Keith's tiny little ponytail.

Keith, after telling him to fuck off, put his headphones in and started them off on an hour stretch of him and Shiro outrunning Lance. It wasn't so bad, because even though Lance couldn't catch up if his life depended on it, he got a nice view from behind.

They ran in a huge loop around campus, passing by buildings Lance hadn't even set foot in yet, and behind a row of greenhouses that he didn't know existed. They passed the coffee shop that Lance had put in a job application at the other day, and a set of older apartment buildings, getting into the area that was less like a college campus and more of a real town. Had Lance been walking, he would've poked into a bunch of the shops, but as it were, they'd just kick his sweaty ass out.

Shiro and Keith were quiet the whole time, listening to their music, and Lance put his own on, even though he didn't have anything even sort of resembling a running playlist. Lance didn't mind the lack of conversation, because they wouldn't hear how out of breath he was. He was notoriously terrible at pacing himself, so he was *dying* and a good twenty feet behind him by the time they got back to their starting point.

Keith pulled a water bottle out of the kangaroo pouch on his hoodie, drank half of it, and put the cap back on so he could toss it to Lance.

"Thanks, babe," Lance said, because he was thirsty by literally any definition. He finished off the rest of Keith's water bottle, and, because he was an asshole, he handed it back to Keith.

Shiro had one of those really tiny water bottles in his pocket, and thank god Lance was too out of breath to make a joke about what else he was hiding in those shorts. He was thinking he might have to start working out with Keith and Shiro, because the run left Shiro sweaty and breathing heavy, and Lance could watch that for way too damn long. Especially when Shiro's sweaty hair fell in his face and he pushed it out of the way, looking up at Lance, grinning, and said, "good to have you with us today, Lance."

Oh, he could have swooned like he was a fancy lady right out of *Gone With the Wind*. This guy's eye contact was a lethal weapon.

"Yeah, it was fun," he said, and hoped Shiro would attribute the breathiness in his voice to being exhausted from the run. Keith poked him in the side because he definitely knew it wasn't.

"Come on," he said, "if I don't get a shower in the next ten minutes, I might die."

"No, oh my god, you are not stealing our shower first," Lance groaned, pushing his gross, damp hair off of his forehead. On him, it was not cute.

"Yes I am," Keith said. He couldn't run toward the dorm or he'd actually die, so he just started walking in that direction to outpace Keith, waving goodbye to Shiro. Keith groaned and started to head after him. "Bye,

Shiro," he called, "Lance, get back here. You take forever in the shower. Lance!"

Lance beat Keith back to the dorm, but he definitely didn't have pockets in his tiny shorts, so he had to wait for Keith to catch up to get the door open because Keith wore practical clothing that could fit his student ID.

"We should just shower together," Keith suggested, and Lance was pretty sure the guy they passed on their way in overheard him, because he looked over his shoulder and ran into the doorframe. Nice.

"I thought you said we were never doing that because I'd fall on my ass and knock myself out on the shower door."

"Well, don't fall on your ass," Keith said. "Come on. I think our shower's big enough. And our tuition is paying the water bill." Meaning he was suggesting a long double shower. Meaning shower sex. Lance was pretty sure nothing else could've convinced him to get up the stairs that fast after a run.

Keith unlocked their door with difficulty, because Lance kept pulling on his shirt, and once they got inside, Keith shoved him off and ducked into the bathroom, locking the adjoining door so Hunk and Pidge wouldn't scar themselves. Lance peeled off his running gear while Keith cranked the shower temperature up to near-burning, which was the one thing they would forever and always agree on.

"Oh! Oh, oh! Does this mean I can finally get you to use my shampoo?" Lance asked, and he heard Keith groan from the inside of the T-shirt he was trying to pull over his head. It was one of the many that Keith had cut the sides straight off of, which Lance appreciated, because it turned him into a walking nip-slip. Also kind of made him look like a douche, but hey, Lance owned a few neon-colored tank tops with stupid slogans on them, which was equally douchey.

"Fine, I guess," Keith said, stepping into the shower, but not before giving Lance a great view of his ass. Lance followed after him.

Dorm showers were tiny. There was no getting around that. Their tiny cubicle of a shower was clearly not meant to hold two people, especially when those two people were doing a lot more making out than actual showering. It could barely fit one, when Lance was trying to shave his legs.

Keith had him shoved up against the wall on the opposite side of the showerhead, both of them slippery with soap because they'd *tried* to actually clean up before getting it on. Lance had his hands on Keith's waist, unable to get a grip on his slick skin, soapsuds rising under his fingers. They probably should've finished rinsing off before they started making out, but hey.

Patience may have been a virtue, but it was one neither of them had.

Keith was hard against his hip, and his kisses tasted like tap water, and god, it was good. Keith had been all over his lips for minutes, now, taking things surprisingly slow. Lance always imagined shower sex as fast and messy, but if he couldn't feel Keith's hard-on against him, he might've thought Keith just wanted to kiss.

Keith's back was still all soapy, so Lance easily slid his hands down to grab his ass and squeeze. He'd been staring at Keith's ass for an hour, damn it, he wanted to touch. Keith moaned into his mouth, dragging his hands through Lance's wet hair, and he rolled his hips against Lance's, changing the angle a little so that his cock rubbed against Lance's.

"Fuck," Lance breathed into his mouth, "why haven't we been doing this all semester?"

"Because," Keith said, his voice barely more than a whisper, "you're really loud in bed, and bathrooms echo." He was right. Hunk would kill them with passive-aggressiveness if he heard them doing it at eight-thirty in the morning, and Pidge would just straight-up kill them.

"Looks like you're gonna have to keep me quiet, baby," Lance said, grabbing his bottle of body wash one-handed, popping the cap open.

"You literally cannot put that in my ass," Keith said, grabbing his wrist.

"Relax," Lance said, now running his hands in circles on Keith's chest, the soap lathering up beneath his palms. "I'm just trying to get us clean. Isn't that what we're supposed to be doing?"

Keith made this pissy little growling noise in the back of his chest and grabbed Lance by the hair, much as he could, pulling him down so that he could kiss him again, hotter and harder this time. "No," he said, when he pulled back. He bit Lance's lower lip. "You're *supposed* to be getting me off."

There wasn't much room for movement—anything would either knock him into the shower door, the temperature knob, or their stick-on shower caddy thing. Lance had deeply considered whether he could go to his knees without slipping, and he'd determined that it was a one-way ticket to a concussion. He wrapped his hand around both of them instead, fucking into his closed fist. Keith moaned at the feeling of Lance's hand around him, and the head of Lance's cock pushing against his, and hey, if things really echoed that well, Keith was about to be the one getting them literally murdered by their suitemates.

Lance put his other hand in Keith's hair, which squelched with shampoo, pulling on it a little until Keith got the idea and continued to kiss him. They kept each other quiet, smothering moans with their kisses, but there was gonna be very little Keith could do about keeping Lance quiet when he came. He was a screamer, always had been, which was why he and Keith had never gotten up to much when they were in high school. It was also why the two guys who shared the room on the other side of their bedroom wall hated them.

So, when he started getting so close he couldn't even kiss Keith, he wasn't surprised that Keith slapped a hand over his mouth. It did make him come pretty much immediately, though, just like any time Keith held him down or tied him up, and the way his head slammed back against the shower wall must've been audible. He dropped his hands to Keith's hips just to hold him, and Keith pressed closer to him, frothing against Lance's hip, looking desperately close himself.

Lance kissed Keith again, grabbing his ass and moving his fingers slowly inward. He didn't have lube, so he couldn't push all the way in, but the insinuation, the feeling of Lance's fingers pressing hard against him, had Keith nearly getting loud enough that Lance was gonna have to cover his mouth, too.

Instead, Keith bent his head, biting down on Lance's shoulder while he came, and wow, was that gonna leave a mark. Lance felt Keith come across his hip, hotter than the shower water, and he gave his ass one last squeeze before backing off. Keith kissed him, pulling him under the spray, and then he reached up to tilt the showerhead so he could clean them off a little better.

"I mean, that's the nice thing," Lance said, "easy cleanup."

Keith tipped his head back and washed the shampoo out, laughing at Lance's observation. "Yeah, I guess," he said. "Probably wouldn't do it again, though. I don't like having do volume control."

"Hey, buddy, I wasn't the only one who needed volume control." Lance ducked his head under the water, rinsing out his hair, then moved aside to let Keith open the door.

Both of them stepped out of the shower, drying off and sticking their workout clothes in the laundry bin. Lance finished the rest of his morning routine, putting on moisturizer and leave-in conditioner, while Keith did the same thing he did every Saturday after his workout and crashed on the bed, not bothering to dress in anything other than his boxers.

By the time Keith woke up, it was past noon, and Lance had already gone down to the student union to grab sandwiches from that one place they liked before the line got too long.

"Lunch is in the fridge," Lance said, while Keith squinted at him and then went to put his contacts back in. He'd be nonverbal for about the next half hour. "Hey, Keith," Lance said, and got a sigh and Keith blinking unfocused eyes at him. "I think I might join you for your run next weekend."

That got a smile out of him. "You had better not be on Amazon buying shorter running shorts."

"What if I get ones with something written across the butt?"

"Absolutely not."

Step Three: Be active, not passive.

Lance, it turned out, had a definite advantage on the Shiro front once he started working at the tiny coffeeshop that just so happened to be less than a block away from Shiro's apartment. No, seriously, it was an actual coincidence. Lance hadn't gotten a job just because the guy he liked stopped by every morning before class.

He did, however, offer to take the morning shifts because it meant he got to see a sleepy, pre-coffee Shiro leaning over the counter and trying to decide what he wanted that day. It always ended up being the same thing, medium Americano with an extra shot. Basic as hell, but Lance wasn't about to criticize the guy's coffee taste. He had plenty of fun ragging on Keith for only ever drinking the exact same kind of tea every single day, and judging Pidge for all the quadruple-shot-everythings.

"Morning," Shiro said to him one day, and *holy what*, Lance almost dropped somebody's drink. He handed it over the counter before he could fuck up someone's coffee, then leaned around the espresso machine to yell a little loud for 7:30AM.

"Dude! I didn't know you wore glasses!"

They were cute glasses too, thick frames that were gradated from black to dark blue. "Usually contacts, but yeah, I do," Shiro said, before turning to Lance's coworker behind the counter and ordering his drink without the usual hemming and hawing. He grabbed a table after that, because his first class wasn't til later. Lance didn't know when, because he wasn't a creep who memorized people's schedules, *Hunk*.

"Geez, he normally takes like a full five minutes to order," Lance said to Allura. She was his number one coworker mostly because one time, after a guy told her she should smile more instead of ordering coffee like a normal human being, she'd told Lance to make his latte extra-extra hot. She was brilliant, almost as petty as Hunk, and always knew every single piece of gossip there was to know. Lance was pretty sure she'd been a queen in another life.

"He only does that when you're at the register," Allura said.

"What? No," Lance said, making Shiro's usual for him.

"Yes," Allura said, "he's, well, he's *trying* to hit on you."

"No way, don't go getting my hopes up," he said, but when he set Shiro's drink on the counter, Shiro hung around for the next two drinks Lance made, asking him about classes, and how Keith was, and whether the two of them wanted to come over to his apartment to... something. Movies? Dinner? Lance wasn't sure, he lost track after the part where Shiro wanted them to come over. To his apartment. Where he lived.

Allura took care of the last customer of the morning rush with the world's cattiest grin on her face. "I told you," she said.

Lance rolled his eyes, grabbing stuff to clean up the counter a little. Morning rush normally decimated that thing, even though they weren't as busy as the Starbucks that was closer to campus. "No way. Half that conversation was about my boyfriend. My boyfriend that he definitely knows I have. Not that we wouldn't be totally down to—I mean, Keith likes him, too—Allura, you had better not tell him, I swear to god."

"Oh, come now," she said, in that perfect, posh accent of hers. "I'm not that interested in your love life."

"Okay, well if you did have advice for a guy and his boyfriend who might possibly have a crush on the same dude and said dude might be hitting on one of them, what would that be?" Lance asked, and Allura rolled her eyes.

"I'm a girl, not a love expert, Lance. Wear something cute, suggest a movie that doesn't have too many explosions, or whatever it is you like—I'm sure it's annoying—and, oh, hm, you can't bring wine, can you?"

"Not old enough," Lance said, "and, for the record, I like rom-coms, too."

"Don't watch one of those, either, they're all terrible," Allura said. "I lived on the same floor as Shiro our freshman year—he's into historical dramas."

"*Oh*. Universally acknowledged that a man in possession of that cute of a face must be in want of... well, probably not two dorky freshmen, and all that?"

"Something like that."

— — —

Movie night at Shiro's turned out to involve a whole lot of Keith and Lance bickering over pizza toppings. It was mostly Shiro's fault for suggesting pizza, but, then again, he didn't know that Keith had completely wrong ideas about what went on a pizza, because the point of pizza was that it wasn't healthy so *why the absolute fuck would you put green peppers on it?*

"I don't know, why the absolute fuck would you put *pineapple* on it?"

"Because it's delicious," Lance said, ducking when Keith tried to smack him on the head.

"Is something wrong with your taste buds? Like, medically? Did you have a tragic accident and lose your sense of what actually tastes good?" Keith asked, and Lance was about to respond with the best comeback ever, when he heard Shiro giggling behind them. Yeah, that was definitely the word for it.

"Sorry," he said, shaking his head. "You guys are cute. So, should I just order pepperoni?"

"Hell no!" they both chorused, because Keith did know one thing, and it was that pepperoni was a weird meat abomination and didn't deserve to

exist.

At least they were, apparently, cute about it.

They ended up with just sausage and cheese, and Lance was definitely immature enough that he started cackling when Shiro asked for a large sausage. From the way Shiro rolled his eyes, he was pretty sure the pizza guy heard, too.

"You guys aren't going to argue this much about the movie, too, are you?" Shiro asked, looking genuinely concerned, and Lance laughed and shook his head.

"Nah, dude. We have like, basically the same tastes in movies. Except that Keith doesn't share my appreciation for Mean Girls."

"And you hate horror movies," Keith corrected.

"No, dude, I'm okay with them if it means we get to cuddle during the scary parts, which are *all the parts*."

Keith looked thoughtful for a moment. "Maybe I just hate watching horror movies with you," he said, as Lance started scrolling through Shiro's Netflix, and wow, Allura was not kidding about him liking historical dramas.

"Why, because I scream really loud and sometimes get in front of your face with the cuddling during scary parts thing?" Lance asked, and Keith gave him a look that said, yes, that is exactly why. "Fine, whatever. I bet Shiro wouldn't get annoyed with me cuddling him during scary movies."

"I, uh. You could," said Shiro, who was grabbing drinks out of the fridge. He mostly had these weird healthy flavored water things. Lance was a fan of those, except that he usually put vodka in them.

"See, Keith? Shiro would cuddle me."

"You don't know how pointy his elbows are," Keith warned Shiro. "He's like a human weapon. In a bad way." Lance replied that he absolutely was

not, but then Shiro sat down between them and effectively ended the argument before Keith could get to the part about how annoying Lance was to sleep with, and Lance could get to the part about *so why do you sleep in my bed every night, then?*

"Oh, that one's good," Shiro said, and Lance paused in his Netflix scroll-through. It was something about World War II. Yep, Allura was really right about this guy.

"Sure, we can watch it," Lance said, and Shiro shook his head.

"No, uh, we don't have to. It's kind of a downer."

The pizza showed up before they picked a movie, which meant either their "be there in 20 minutes or less" was really accurate, or it just took them a super long time to find a movie to watch. If Lance knew Netflix, it was the second one. Shiro went to the door to grab the pizza and Lance pushed his foot against Keith's, who pushed back, and smiled. It was always a good look on him.

After scrolling through another line of Netflix offerings, they finally landed on this post-apocalyptic thing that was less of an action movie and more of a drama. It was pretty good, too. Keith would probably have something to say about the cinematography. Between the three of them, the pizza pretty much vanished, and Lance decided this was probably the best way to spend a Friday night.

Shiro's apartment was cozy for a college student's, Lance thought. It was a tiny place, in an older building, with only one bedroom that was basically the size of a closet and a kitchen that was even smaller. He had it nicely decorated, though, and from Lance's experience in the dorms, that was unusual for a college-age dude. All of Shiro's furniture matched and there were a few unframed paintings on the wall to give it some color, and he seemed to be doing a pretty good job at keeping the windowsill full of plants alive.

His couch was pretty comfy, too, one of the ones you just kind of sunk into, and after all of them had finished off the pizza and the plates were stacked

up on the coffee table, Lance found himself scooting closer and closer to Shiro. Because of the cushion density. Yeah.

He wasn't expecting Shiro to reach around behind him—oh, he was just turning the lamp off—oh! No, he actually was putting an arm around Lance's shoulders, and Lance grinned and curled his legs up to his chest, hugging his knees to keep himself from putting his hands all over Shiro. Keith had his feet up on the coffee table, and he leaned all his weight into Shiro's side, his head on Shiro's shoulder.

They were cuddling. Lance could've jumped for joy, but he was busy laying his head against Shiro's arm, tucking his feet under his thigh. Shiro didn't seem to mind, and when he leaned in to say something, maybe about the relationship between the two leads—Lance honestly wasn't tracking—Lance could feel the warmth of his breath on his cheek. If he'd turned his head, they would have been kissing.

But that was a huge assumption, and Lance wasn't the kind of guy who made assumptions when it came to relationships. He was the kind of guy who had constant anxiety about them and never actually did anything about it. Keith was a little better at the dating thing sometimes because he didn't overthink things, he just worked on impulse. And sure, it got him into trouble when he was picking fights with the bigger kids in school, but it was pretty alright when he'd first admitted to Lance that he liked him, no room for shame at all.

"Lance," he heard, and he looked up to see Shiro smiling at him.

"What's up?"

"I asked if you wanted a glass of wine," he repeated.

"Oh, that's fancy. Yeah, sure thing," Lance said, reaching over to pause the movie. When he stood up and stretched, his back popped. Shiro turned on the lights on his way to the kitchen, and he picked up the plates so he could set them in the sink.

Keith was still on the couch, not to be moved, and Lance ruffled his hair. Keith brushed his hand off, and pushed him toward the kitchen, so Lance bounced off after Shiro, hip-checking him on the way in. "Sup. Keith silent-told me to come help you out."

"Hey," Shiro laughed, "Grab me the glasses from that cabinet?"

Lance pulled out three glasses—stemless ones with cute patterns on them, like Shiro was a sorority girl or something. Lance wasn't complaining, this was the first time since starting college he'd had a drink that wasn't in a Solo cup. He set them down on the counter, and looked at the label on the wine bottle like he actually had some interest in what kind of wine it was and like wine didn't all taste basically the same.

Shiro waited for Lance to stop pretending like he had wine-knowledge and then plucked the bottle off the counter, pulling a corkscrew out of one of the drawers. "I know pizza and wine is a weird combination, but I really like this shiraz, so." It was a little funny watching such a huge guy in a kitchen that was so small Lance could've touched both walls if he stretched his arms out, but Shiro was graceful enough not to knock anything over while opening a bottle of wine. Lance was significantly impressed, because he'd never managed to do that without a lot of cursing and nearly breaking the bottle at least twice.

"Dude. I know literally nothing about wine pairings," Lance said. "In my professional opinion, there's never a bad time for drinks."

"Maybe not right before class." Shiro handed two full glasses to Lance, then followed him back to the couch.

"Absolutely right before class." He handed Keith a glass of wine, and got a happy little grin for it. Keith liked wine almost as much as he liked whiskey and other things that made Lance cough like an idiot.

They rearranged themselves on the couch in relatively the same position, but Shiro didn't have his arm around Lance this time because he was kind of holding a wineglass. Reasonable, Lance supposed, but just like there was never a bad time for drinks, there was never a bad time for cuddling Lance.

The wine was really good, though. Keith probably thought it was too sweet, but he didn't mention anything, probably because he was content to listen to Lance commentate too loudly on the movie. Or because he was having a nice time and didn't want to offend Shiro. It probably wasn't the commentary thing.

Lance lost track of the plot of the movie sometime after the second glass of wine, but there were cute farm animals involved and at some point there was a famous Chris (Pine?) onscreen. He was the warm-fuzzy kind of tipsy, and Shiro smelled nice, and he had very comfy shoulders to lay on. Lance tucked one hand into the crook of Shiro's elbow, and decided that the only thing that would make this better would be if he was in the middle of this snuggle pile and had Keith's arms around him. Someone kissing him would make it pretty great, too.

As the movie wore on, there was a long time where Lance was pretty sure he was about to fall asleep. Shiro and Keith were talking quietly, something about character motivations. It sounded like a very intense discussion that Lance was in no way qualified to follow right about now. At some point, the bottle of wine ended up empty. At some other point, Shiro's arm ended up around him again. This time, he was laying with his legs up on the coffee table, his side flush against Shiro's, his head dangerously close to laying on Shiro's chest. Shiro had a warm hand on Lance's arm, and Lance could still hear him and Keith chatting.

Lance couldn't help it—he fell asleep before the end of the film. Shiro was comfy to lay on, and wine made him sleepy (he always took a nap after family brunches where his mom let him sneak a glass or three of sangria). This was way better than curling up on a deck chair and listening to his aunts gossip, because this time, Lance woke up a good twenty-minute power nap later with Shiro's face pressed into his hair.

Again, he missed something Shiro said, and mumbled a soft, "hm?"

"I said, good morning, sunshine."

"We keeping you up too late, Lance?" Keith asked, kicking his legs over Shiro's so he could put his feet in Lance's lap. Lance squeezed his calf, and

Shiro hadn't moved, his head still against Lance's. "You missed the whole discussion about how we thought that movie was gonna end in a polyamorous threeway with the girl and the two dudes."

"I actually thought it might," Shiro said sounding a little disappointed, and then he yawned and stretched, dropping his hand to the back of Lance's neck after.

"I'm going to sleep," Lance said, turning his head against Shiro's chest and throwing an arm around him. "Somebody kiss me goodnight."

He wasn't expecting Shiro to drop a kiss on top of his head, but it made him feel warm all the way through, and he smiled brightly. "I'd offer to let you guys stay over, but I don't have a lot of room," Shiro said. Lance totally would've been down to curl up with him in his bed, but that probably wasn't on the table. Yet.

"We'll head out," Keith said, extracting himself from the cuddle pile, then pulling Lance to his feet. "Thanks for having us over, and for dinner, Shiro," he said, an un-Keith-like epitome of politeness. He must've really liked this guy.

"Of course," Shiro said, and he gave Keith a long hug, which was normally not Keith's favorite. He seemed comfortable with Shiro, though, and he didn't stiffen up the way he normally would if someone just went and hugged him. Lance couldn't keep the smile off his face—they looked good together. Keith was just the right height to tuck his head into Shiro's shoulder.

They left the apartment hand-in-hand, and Lance hoped Shiro didn't have any windows open, or he would've heard Lance squealing while he hugged Keith, throwing all his weight on him. "He's so cute! Oh my god! Keith! He kissed me! He's so cute!"

Keith just laughed and hugged him back, kissed him on both cheeks and the corner of his mouth. "Yeah, yeah, yes," Keith answered him each time, pulling him all the way across the street because loitering in the middle of a

crosswalk would probably get you hit by a car. And free tuition was not worth a broken everything.

"He kissed me," Lance repeated, and Keith squeezed his hand.

Wildly, Lance thought maybe they had a chance with Shiro. And even if they didn't, Lance liked hanging out with him. He wanted more Friday nights like this, spending time in companionable quiet and curling into one another.

He was glad, at least, that they were friends.

When Shiro showed up at the coffeeshop the next morning, blushing so hard even his ears were red, Lance amended everything he'd thought the night before.

They definitely had a chance with Shiro.

Life was awesome.

Step Four: Visualize your goal.

Life sucked.

It was fall break, they had a four-day weekend, and Lance had finally finished the stupid paper he'd been pulling most-of-the-night-ers for the past week to work on. By all accounts, it was the perfect time to have a romantic weekend—flowers, chocolate, wild sex, the whole thing.

Except that his boyfriend had decided to sign up for the stupid fall break backpacking trip. And now, Keith was wandering through the woods where there wasn't even cell service while Lance sat around on the couch complaining to nobody (because Hunk and Pidge went home for break) about how bored he was.

So bored. Fall break sucked. The entire campus was dead, except for the people who lived too far away to go home for break, and even work wasn't exciting, because with all the students gone, the coffeeshop was pretty much empty. And, even worse, Allura wasn't there.

Lance rolled off the couch and onto the floor, groaning and batting his phone away from him, because he didn't want to go back to Instagram and see what everyone was doing with their break while he was spending his... on the floor of his dorm.

He should've been banging Keith in every corner of their room, which, granted, was not a lot of corners, but no, Keith had to go hang out in the woods with a bunch of hipster hiking dudes who all had excessively-groomed beards and man-buns. Well. Sometimes Keith had a man-bun, and Lance didn't fault him for that. But it was a tiny one and he could only fit half his hair in it and it was very cute.

And, here he was, back to the part where he was thinking about Keith again.

The worst part was, he couldn't even text Keith to tell him he missed him. "Service is spotty and I'll have my phone off so I can conserve battery in case there's an emergency," Keith said. Lance didn't want to know what kind of emergency a bunch of mountain-backpacking would get you into.

Fuck. He couldn't even send nudes.

He'd known ahead of time that Keith would be gone for break. Keith had even invited Lance along for the trip, but Lance didn't do camping, ever since he broke his arm falling off a bunkbed at Boy Scout camp when he was nine years old. So, Lance probably should have planned something to do while Keith was gone, so he didn't end up moping around.

Instead, he was the picture of mope. He stuck out his arm, grabbing for his phone, but realized he'd knocked it out of reach, so he rolled over onto his stomach so he could grab it. Pidge was sending more memes to the group chat, Hunk was telling Pidge to quit sending memes, and—oh.

Shiro

Are you home for fall break?

Wait. Was Shiro home for fall break? No, he lived pretty far, so he was probably still on campus. Lance sat up so fast he gave himself a head rush.

Me

Nope, still at the dorm. Bored. Keith's on a mountain or w/e

Shiro

A mountain???

Me

He's on that backpacking trip thingy. So I'm lonely :(:(

Shiro

Me too, everyone's gone for break.

Wanna hang out?

Yes, absolutely he wanted to hang out. He hopped up and started pacing around while he texted Shiro about details. They decided to grab coffee and then wander around this park that Lance had never been to, but had seen all over Instagram, because it was the prettiest place in town and therefore the best place for everyone to take artsy photos.

Shiro said he'd meet him at three, and then Lance, like a girl in a Disney Channel original movie, spent half an hour going between the closet and the mirror, trying to pick out an outfit. It wouldn't have happened if Keith was there. Keith just told Lance he didn't like any of his outfits and Lance wore them just to mess with him, and then Keith told him he was cute.

Lance ended up wearing a plaid jacket that belonged to Keith, a scarf that was also Keith's, and a T-shirt that could have belonged to either of them, but he was pretty sure it was his. The jeans were definitely his, at least.

And then he ran half the way from the dorm to the coffeeshop like a doofus because he'd spent too long picking out clothes and was about to be late.

Shiro waved at Lance from across the street, then when Lance finally reached him, Shiro hugged him. God, this guy couldn't even make a side-hug awkward. How was that even possible? He kept his hand on Lance's back for a little longer as they walked through the door of the coffeeshop, which was good, because it prevented Lance from running into the doorframe trying to look at him, because *jesus christ*, Shiro looked good in

that sweater. It was a soft, dark gray, and had sleeves with thumb holes. And if Lance had been conditioned to think that was the cutest, he was blaming Keith and his fingerless glove habit.

It was weird, heading to work but stopping at the counter. Lance vaguely knew the guy who took their order, but he wasn't paying much attention to him, because Shiro ordered something other than an americano, extra shot.

"Hot chocolate?"

"Cheat day," Shiro said, and Lance rolled his eyes because of *course* Shiro did like, diet stuff. Lance felt good about limiting himself to only half the thing of Oreos.

Lance ordered himself a London fog, and as they waited on their drinks, Shiro asked about Keith's hiking trip, how their classes were going, all the kind of stuff that would feel perfunctory with anyone who didn't seem as deeply interested in the conversation as Shiro did. Lance learned that Shiro had gone home with a friend last year and his freshman year for fall break, but his friend had graduated, and Shiro ended up hanging around campus this year.

"I'm kind of glad you did, though," Lance said, picking up his drink from the counter. "Literally all of my other friends are gone for break, and I don't do well when I'm bored. I probably would have binge-watched a bunch of crap on Netflix and eaten a whole thing of cookie dough ice cream because we don't have a freezer to keep it in."

Shiro laughed at that. "I'm glad you stuck around, too," he said.

They took their drinks to go and walked to the park, which looked like an autumn-themed postcard. The trees were perfect matching shades of orange and gold, contrasting the bright blue sky, and the leaves crunched under their feet as they walked down the pathway to a pond that had a little deck overlooking it. Lance took a picture, so he could show Keith when he got back. Wasn't a mountain view, but it was pretty. And he took another one, of him and Shiro, which Keith would probably appreciate even more.

"I like this place a lot, I run through here sometimes," Shiro said. "Not on weekends, though—too many people."

"Not this weekend." The whole place felt empty, like it was theirs alone. Well, theirs, and that old guy walking his dog in the distance. They were sitting on the bench built into the deck thing, and Lance had been absently reading a metal placard dedicating the structure to somebody who had probably donated a lot of money to the parks department.

"Nope, pretty empty right now. Are you suggesting we go for a run?"

"Hell no! I just like that it's not too busy," Lance said, aiming his empty cup at the bright blue recycling bin, missing, and trudging over to pick it up.

He flopped back down next to Shiro, sitting closer now that they didn't have hot drinks to be worried about bumping. He pulled the jacket a little tighter around himself, both because it was a breezy day and because he missed Keith a lot. Shiro helped, but Lance kept thinking about how much better it would be if it were the three of them.

"Are you cold?" Shiro asked, and Lance just shrugged.

"I get cold pretty easy. I was not meant for this climate—you should see me in winter. It's like constant, uninterrupted bitching."

"I don't mind winter." Shiro put an arm around him, and yeah, wow, that was a lot better, mostly because Lance was full of those warm fuzzies again. It was like when Keith had first asked him out, a spark, something new just starting to work. "We should come here with Keith after he gets back," Shiro said, echoing Lance's thoughts.

"Yeah! He'd like it, he likes peaceful stuff like this. Probably why he goes hiking and stuff."

Shiro hummed, a soft, thoughtful noise. He was quiet for a moment. "Hey, Lance. I've been talking to Keith, and. Well, I know—I mean, of course I know you two are together. But am I wrong in thinking... Are you interested in me?"

Well, that was out of nowhere. Except that it was out of somewhere. Lance took a second to collect his thoughts, but it wasn't enough time. "I mean, yeah, we are. Both of us. I know Keith doesn't show it as much, because he can't flirt to save his life, but we like you, and, well. I'm really sorry if that makes you uncomfortable or anything, we just—I know it's weird. But we kind of, we kind of *both* have a crush on you, uh, together? If that makes sense?"

"Yeah. I mean, no, it doesn't totally make sense yet, but Keith was saying you guys had talked about it and that you'd be... open, to the right person." Hesitantly, his hand slipped from Lance's back.

Lance wanted to tell him everything, wanted to say yes, absolutely, please date us, wanted to tell Shiro they'd known since the first time they saw him. But he couldn't say it now, not without Keith there. If it happened, if they became... something. Boyfriends? It had to be all three of them.

But Lance knew that if someone told him he'd have to wait three days until they could tell him whether they liked him back, he'd go ballistic. So he took Shiro's hand, fingers running over his soft, sweater-covered palm.

"Yeah, we have. And I really want that, and I know Keith really wants that, but—if something's going to happen, I want him to be here. If you're doing what I think you're doing, which I think is maybe asking us out, it's gotta be both of us. But I just want you to know that when he gets back, the answer's gonna be yes. Absolutely, yes."

"That's what I'm doing," Shiro said, his voice so quiet he was practically whispering. He inclined his head to that his forehead bumped Lance's, looking down at their hands in his lap. "You have no idea how hard I've fallen for the two of you."

"Stop, stop! Oh my god! Stop, or you're gonna have to repeat that for Keith." Lance pulled him into a hug, and Shiro's hands around him felt almost shaky. "As soon as he comes back, we'll talk, okay? Well. Not as soon as he comes back. He'll have been in the woods for four days. As soon as he comes back and takes a shower, we'll talk to him."

"Alright," Shiro agreed, after taking a deep breath. Or two. "Alright, as soon as he comes back, call me."

"And showers."

"And that."

They left shortly after, Lance feeling like a weight had dropped with that conversation. He wanted to hold Shiro's hand, but ended up looping his arm through Shiro's instead, and he wasn't sure if that was more or less romantic.

Ever the gentleman, Shiro walked him back to his dorm even though it was still daylight, and hugged him before letting him unlock the door. Lance would've liked to hang out longer, but that would turn into a date, and he wanted their first date to be the three of them. Except, maybe this was kind of a date.

When Shiro pressed the softest, most barely-there kiss to his lips at the door, it sure felt like one.

— — —

Saturday found Lance a combination of jittery and mopey, which didn't make any sense at all, and resulted in him alternating between pacing around the room while he scrolled through Twitter, and laying on his back in the middle of the floor while mostly dropping his phone on his face.

Seeing Shiro had helped his mood yesterday, but it sort of made today worse, because now Lance was thinking about how bad he wanted Shiro, and Keith, and how bad he wanted both of them at the same time. And how if Keith hadn't gone on that *stupid fucking backpacking trip*, maybe the two of them could be making out with Shiro. Maybe they could be doing a lot *more* than making out with Shiro.

It wasn't like Lance hadn't thought about it before. When you were faced with someone that gorgeous, you kind of had to imagine kissing them a little. Or maybe that was just a Lance thing. He'd bet anything Shiro's

mouth would taste like his bitter espresso, that he'd kiss soft and gentle before just *going for it*, hot and passionate and full of tongue and a little handsy. Lance had spent a lot of time imagining those hands on him, especially when psychology lectures got boring and his thoughts started to drift over to the desk Shiro sat at when he was observing lecture.

He had one very particular fantasy about coming over to Shiro's apartment to find him working, grading papers or whatever the hell TAs did, and in his daydreams, Lance would sit on his desk and pull him into a kiss to distract him from—seriously, what did his job involve?—and then Shiro would bend him over the desk and—well, it was useless to imagine now that Lance knew Shiro didn't have a desk in his apartment.

Fuck, Keith had been gone all of two days and Lance was already so horny he was losing his mind. Granted, they hadn't really been doing it like bunnies before break or anything, because they had class, Lance took naps at weird hours, and Keith stayed up so late, he usually just hauled himself onto the top bunk instead of waking Lance up by getting in bed with him. Sometimes, it wasn't worth it to fit two grown men into a twin-XL.

But it had been so long, or Lance was so hopeless, that he was getting hard just replaying an old fantasy in his head. He spread his legs a little on the couch, dropping one foot to the floor, and just let his hand rest on his thigh while he considered what he was going to do next.

If Lance was a good person with any self-control at all, he wouldn't think about Shiro while he jerked off, because the dude was only sort of his boyfriend. If he was a really good person, he probably would've taken a cold shower and gotten started on his homework. But Lance had never been good at self-denial.

He tipped his head back over the arm of the couch, touching himself through his sweats, which weren't really his, anyway. They belonged to Keith, technically. God, he wished he could at least text Keith. Well, sext him. Maybe send a couple really naughty snaps.

Shiro had cell service. Lance got this really terrible mental image of sending something which, no, you didn't send unsolicited dick pics. Even if

you were pretty sure they would be appreciated.

Maybe if it had been a late at night and he'd downed some of the candy vodka he had hidden in his top dresser drawer, he would've texted Shiro *you up?* or something equally stupid. But you don't text that kind of thing sober at four in the afternoon.

He did haul himself up off the couch, because he was at least going to respect Keith's no-couch-sex-people-sit-there-Lance rule, and then he spent too long trying to get the blinds to close. Once he had the room as dark as it would go, because the only place he jerked off with the lights on was the shower, he flopped onto the bed and started thinking about the last time he and Keith had done it.

It had been a couple weeks ago, and Lance had been kicking Keith's ass in Mario Kart, until Keith tossed his controller to the side and kissed Lance until they ended up in eleventh and twelfth place respectively, soundly beaten by a computer that couldn't be distracted by a hot guy in its lap. Lance still placed higher than Keith, though, and snidely mentioning that got him a slap on the ass from Keith, which was pretty great as rewards went.

Keith probably hadn't meant it as a reward.

Their clothes had ended up strewn all over the floor on their way to the bed, and Keith had fucked him *hard*, like it was a competition. Whoever comes first, loses, and other bets they made in high school. Lance liked sex competitions. He usually won, especially if he was on the bottom, because he knew that if he shoved Keith back on the bed and rode him like Keith was a cowboy and Lance was saving all the horses, Keith wouldn't last three minutes.

As predicted, Lance had won. Keith had moaned like *he* was the one getting fucked in the ass. The best part, though, was when Keith pulled Lance onto his lap after and jerked him off nice and slow, all while saying a lot of filthy stuff about Lance's ass, how much Lance liked taking dick, and, most memorably, how Shiro liked it in bed. That last bit was mostly supposition.

Lance remembered part of him feeling like maybe he should have been weirded out by his boyfriend telling him how much he wanted to see another guy fuck him against the wall. But the other part of him had been busy coming all over Keith's abs.

And now, Lance couldn't get the echoes of Keith's words out of his head.

Bet he'd love your mouth, Keith had told him, you're so good with it, you'd let him fuck your throat, wouldn't you, Lance? You'd be so good for him, taking all of it—I bet he's big. You'd let him flip you over and fuck you, after, right? Show him how good you are at taking cock, how much you like it, just like with me. Lance couldn't remember the rest of the monologue, because at that point, he'd been coming to the sound of Keith's raspy post-sex voice illustrating every single one of his fantasies in beautiful detail.

Lance had laughed it off after, telling Keith he was a nasty boy, or something like that. But it had clearly hit him, because replaying the memory had him painfully hard, except in his head, Shiro was behind him while Keith was talking dirty, eager to act out every single one of Keith's suggestions.

Lance arched back against his pillows instead of Shiro's tight, naked body, hips rolling as he fucked his fist. He imagined Shiro's hands on him, Shiro's mouth on his neck, what it would feel like to take him while he was fucking Keith, how Shiro would sound when he came. He spent an admirable amount of time teasing himself to the mental image of being between the two of them, watching them kiss while they made an absolute mess of him—he'd have love bites all over, finger marks on his hips, bruises on his neck.

And *god*, if Shiro held him down while he did it, pushed his hands back into the blankets so he couldn't touch himself, spread Lance's thighs, *fuck*, Shiro was big enough to keep him still, wasn't he? And if not, he could just tell Lance not to move, order him around, and Lance would obey because they'd both call him a good boy, 'cause was the goddamn key to Lance's lock. He'd moan both their names, loud enough that the neighbors knew Lance had two guys giving it to him *hard*, sweet enough that they knew he was getting fucked *good*.

Lance was mostly silent when he jerked off—a product of growing up in a house with a ton of siblings—but he let a moan slip past his lips, and if it sounded a hell of a lot like Shiro's name, only god could judge. Well. God, and the dudes who lived next door, but one of them was named Chad, so he couldn't judge either.

Besides, Lance was giving himself some of the best self-love of his life, and that was including how hard he'd come the first time he figured out how to finger himself, so they could judge away. He didn't give a fuck about anything or anyone that wasn't his fantasy of Shiro and Keith, of someone pushing inside him—he'd lost track of who was imaginary-fucking him, but *shit*, sometimes a guy just needed a cock up his ass, and sure, Lance just had three fingers spreading himself open, but he also had a very good imagination.

Good enough that he could practically *feel* what it would be like to have them coming inside him, sure, both of them, whatever, Lance had seen that in porn and it made a pretty good fantasy, too, Shiro's cock frothing against Keith's *inside him*? Yeah, that had Lance moaning aloud again, and this time it was definitely Shiro's name, and it was definitely loud enough to be audible through thin dorm room walls. But Lance didn't give a fuck, because he was coming, fingers pressed hard against his prostate, his other hand tight around his cock, head thrown back, eyes rolled up, the kind of noisy orgasm he usually reserved for Keith taking him hard and fast.

It took him longer to come down when he didn't have somebody cuddling him after, his breathing slowing itself down in hiccups, and he curled into his pillows because he *wanted* to sink into Keith's arms, but he was on a stupid mountain. He wanted to have Shiro spooned up against his back, but. Not yet.

After Lance cleaned himself off (thank you, bedside tissues) he curled himself up in a blanket burrito with his phone and enjoyed some of the gym selfies Shiro had posted a couple months back. Hm. Maybe he should've looked at those before jacking off.

He closed Instagram for his own good and sent a text that Keith wasn't gonna get until he returned to the civilized world.

Me

Came so hard I think I saw heaven. Remembering your dirty talk <3 <3 <3
come home soon babe ilu <3

He racked his brain, but nope, that was definitely the sappiest dirty text he'd ever sent.

Step Five: Take action.

When Keith came home, the first thing he did was shower. The second thing he wanted to do was unpack, but Lance decided that instead they were gonna roll up to Shiro's for a, "surprise! You have two boyfriends now!" party.

"You can't just jump him, he barely knows we're coming over," Keith said. He'd been texting Shiro warnings as he walked. Lance was wearing Keith's jacket again, so Keith was in one of Lance's hoodies, and his wet hair was pulled up so it didn't soak into the hood.

"I absolutely can do that," Lance said, "I don't think he'd mind."

Shiro did not mind, because when Lance bounced through the door and immediately grabbed him by the back of his neck, dropping his weight so Shiro had to dip him for the kiss, he just smiled. Then he kissed Lance again, so hard that this time, Shiro actually did have to hold him up, because Lance was pretty sure that his entire body was malfunctioning except for his mouth.

"You're the kind of guy who jumps on people's backs and calls it a surprise piggyback ride, aren't you?" Shiro asked once he pulled away and Lance's legs started holding him up like they were supposed to again.

"All the time, just ask Hunk, dude."

They didn't continue the discussion on how Lance may have been the most annoying person to have as a friend ever, because Keith walked up, pouting in lieu of just asking for a kiss. Shiro was a natural at learning the language of Keith's eyebrows, though, and he put his arms around Keith's waist,

giving him a long series of kisses. That had Lance's spine feeling like it was gonna melt out of his back, and wow, he really wished he'd known that he wasn't biologically capable of having two boyfriends who were this hot.

They parted and just sort of looked at each other for a moment, before Keith went red and turned away, because he was secretly super shy and it was adorable.

"Sorry if that was a little... forward," Shiro said, taking a step away from Keith.

Keith didn't let him get far; he put his arms around Shiro and stepped closer so that they were pressed together again. "Nope. No apologizing. You're our boyfriend now, okay?"

"Keith, you can't just tell people they're your boyfriend. It's called *asking* someone out, you—oh, okay," Lance stopped, because Keith was kissing Shiro again, and Shiro was starting to look more than a little overwhelmed. At least someone else felt the same way Lance did.

"Will you go out with us," Keith corrected himself, and Shiro just laughed, because it sounded nothing like a question.

"Yeah," he said, hugging Keith and leaning back enough that Keith's feet went off the ground and um, wow, Shiro could lift them and that checked off all Lance's imaginary boxes calculating what makes a dude hot. He was still too busy thinking about Shiro picking him up and maybe also kissing him a little bit that he was surprised when the two of them hugged him.

And yes, this was perfect. This was everything he'd wanted to happen. Keith was comfortingly familiar, the angle of Lance's arm on his waist automatic by now. Shiro was new, different, and Lance may have held him a little awkwardly, his hand a fist in Shiro's T-shirt, but Shiro was warm and his palm was steady on Lance's back. Lance had always liked group hugs, so it was no surprise to him when he let out a breath he'd been holding too long and leaned against them, closing his eyes. Shiro kissed him on the head, just like he had the very first time, and Lance smiled because something settled inside him.

Once they actually got past the foyer, the three of them collapsed on the couch, and none of them talked for a little while. Lance laid back onto Shiro's chest, Shiro's arm around his waist, and Keith was curled up against Lance's side, laying his head on Lance's stomach, chin digging into Shiro's forearm. Lance petted Keith's hair. He was smiling. It was still a good look on him.

"Hey," Shiro said. Lance could hear the rumble of his voice in his chest, and it was gorgeous. "You guys wanna have dinner? Something you can't argue over. Chinese?"

"Only if we order from the good place," Keith mumbled into Lance's shirt.

Lance tipped his head back and stage-whispered to Shiro. "I have no idea what the good place is."

Keith didn't elaborate.

— — —

Despite all Lance's daydreams turned orgasms, they didn't move that fast. And Lance was okay with that. He would've been very okay with getting down and dirty that first night they got together, but he was also fine with sitting around Shiro's apartment, doing homework together, with his legs over Shiro's lap and Shiro's hand rubbing slow circles on his knee, Keith napping in the overstuffed chair with his head tipped back and his mouth open.

The three of them went on a lot of dates together, to the park, the little downtown shopping area, and (memorably) a school Shakespeare production that had been a lot more interactive than Lance thought plays were supposed to be. He would never get over Puck flirting with Shiro, and he *really* wasn't gonna get over how Keith had looked like he was about to get out of his seat and fight a dude in tights with leaves glued on them.

But he and Keith hadn't stayed the night at Shiro's. There was always an awkward point when they had stayed up way too late where Keith and Lance looked at each other, and Lance shrugged toward the door, and Keith

didn't get what he was trying to say. Then, Keith would say, "we should get going," five minutes later like it was his idea.

Lance liked spending time with Shiro, liked watching his face when he concentrated on homework, liked talking with him about classes and gossiping about whatever he could think of. He learned that Shiro had a photography hobby and he somehow managed to get these magically gorgeous photos on his iPhone that Lance couldn't have shot with a thousand-dollar DSLR. He had taken a beautiful one of Keith one time when they went to the park at sunset. Keith was leaning over the railing of the deck by the lake, the light catching on his cheekbones and on the water and on the look in his eyes. Lance had that one as the lock screen on his phone, now. (The home screen was the selfie he'd taken with Shiro on their first not-a-date date.)

And Lance really liked the days where he was curled up on his favorite big fluffy chair in Shiro's apartment, reading a book that he actually wanted to read instead of a textbook, and he looked up to see Shiro and Keith laying on the couch, hands twined together, slowly kissing.

He liked learning the ways Shiro liked—loved?—the two of them, too. It showed every time he showed them a photo he'd taken of them with the kind of delicateness that made the camera angles look like a caress, and in the way he'd give very serious and well-thought-out critique on anything Lance wrote. It showed especially when he took the time to figure out what Keith meant when he wasn't saying enough words, and what Lance meant when he was saying too many.

He learned all the words to the songs on Lance's indie-rock playlists and didn't mind that Lance sung them in the kind of way you only did when you learned how to sing from musical theater. Keith took Shiro out on his bike twice, and scared him half to death both times. Shiro liked talking about movies with Keith, liked talking about art with Lance, liked cooking for both of them, and educating them on what wine was good for (surprise! More than just making you drunk). He liked to watch the two of them get into their stupid fights and kiss their way out. He liked being between them, just like Lance did, just like Keith did. It got them into a lot of playful fights about who got to sit in the middle of the couch.

They had this kind of golden perfection that came with new relationships, and Lance knew it never lasted, and he knew that wasn't entirely a bad thing.

Lance decided the honeymoon period was over as soon as he came to the realization that *Shiro was driving him nuts*.

For a while, he'd thought that maybe Shiro wasn't looking for a sexual relationship, or something, which he was completely okay with. He knew some people weren't into that kind of thing, after all, he'd been friends with Pidge long enough. But that was before Shiro started to kiss him harder, started to touch him more, started taking Lance to bed with him and grinding against him until they were both hard—and then stopping.

He must've been doing the same thing with Keith, too, because more than once, Keith came home from Shiro's apartment and pretty much tore Lance's clothes off, he was so turned on.

Shiro was a goddamn tease. Lance realized this while Shiro was kissing his neck, driving him up the wall, which, sure, that was kind of expected, considering they were against an actual wall. He'd told Shiro he was going, because he had to get to class, and Shiro had crowded him against the wall and damn near kissed the life out of him, before stopping and saying, "don't be late for class, Lance," with a grin that said he knew exactly what he was doing.

It was excruciating.

And, while dating Shiro was one of the two best choices Lance had ever made (dating Keith was the other one), Lance's original goal had been to get nasty with him, and that was still his goal. He had a five-step program.

So, when Shiro invited them to a party at his friend's house, Lance immediately texted yes, they'd be there, and then threw his phone on the mattress, stood up, and got between the TV and a very annoyed Keith.

"We're fucking him."

"Excuse me? You're not a good window. Move," Keith said, and Lance continued to block Keith's view of whatever true crime drama he was watching.

"The party. Did you see the group chat? We're going to a party on Friday, and then after, *I am going to get in his goddamn pants.*"

"You should maybe probably ask him if he wants to do that, first," Keith said, and he paused the show because he had come to the (correct) conclusion that Lance was going to drag this out for half an episode, at least.

"Keith. Has he not been doing stuff to you the way he's been to me? Because I know you've got a bunch of hickies that I didn't leave there unless I've taken up sleep-biting."

Keith shrugged, one hand drifting up to cover the marks. "Yeah, but you've gotta think about it," he said, "we took a long time before we had sex—"

"Yes, because we were in high school and we'd listened to a lot of people tell us about abstinence for the past four years!"

"And because we weren't ready. Maybe he's not ready."

Lance thought about it for a minute. He couldn't ask Shiro that directly, because he was not Keith A.K.A. king of socially inappropriate questions. Then he wandered around the room trying to figure out where he'd put his phone for a good five minutes. Keith started his show back up, rewinding to before Lance had put his sexual frustration between Keith and a good murder mystery.

Turned out, his phone was still on the bed. He pulled up the group chat, which he'd named "BOYFRIENDS!" right after Keith and Shiro said they didn't need a name for the group chat.

Me

Can we stay over after?

Logically, Lance knew Shiro had gone to class and he wasn't going to be able to respond, because Shiro was the good kind of person who didn't text during classes. Lance still checked his phone every five seconds, took it off its constant state of "Do Not Disturb," then checked it every couple of minutes anyway, because sometimes he didn't always hear it go off, and what if he missed Shiro? In the background, he could hear somebody on Keith's show getting murdered.

Shiro

Stay over or /stay over/?

"Are those italics?" Lance shouted over the murder-noises. Keith had to get his phone out of his backpack, because everyone he knew was either in class, or in this room. Actually, Lance was pretty sure Hunk was in a study group in the library, but he still wouldn't be texting Keith.

"Yes, they're italics," Keith said back, and then he answered the text before Lance could get to it.

Keith

The second one.

Lance added a bunch of winky faces to detract from Keith's overuse of punctuation, because Keith always managed to go up four whole levels of bitchiness when he was texting.

During the next long interim between Shiro's texts, Lance migrated into Keith's lap, stretched out on his belly with his face buried in a pillow so he didn't have to see the murder. Even if it was fake murder, he didn't do the blood thing. Keith petted his hair absently, slow strokes with his palm like he was petting a cat. It helped calm Lance down a little, especially when Keith squeezed the muscles on the back of his neck until he relaxed some more.

When Lance's phone vibrated, he almost fell straight off the couch. Part of it was because Keith had jumped up to grab his phone, knocking Lance off his lap.

They had a collective little screaming moment when they saw Shiro's text.

Shiro

Looking forward to it ;)

— — —

This time, Keith was the one who spent a ridiculous amount of time in front of the mirror. Lance, who had been thinking about what to wear since Wednesday and had narrowed it down to three choices by Thursday and one by Friday, was sitting on the couch evaluating each of Keith's potential outfits.

"Just wear one of those T-shirts that you cut the whole sides off," he said, "those make your—what're those muscles called?"

"Lats?"

"Yeah, they make those look good," Lance said, watching Keith evaluate his hair in the mirror. Before they'd been dating, Lance thought Keith was incapable of doing anything to his hair other than leaving it a mess, but he actually had a very cute ponytail. "Just put it up."

"No, it gets sweaty and gross at the back of my neck and you can see it if it's up."

"I mean, if things go well, we are getting very sweaty and gross," Lance said, and Keith rolled his eyes at him in the mirror, and smiled while he did it.

"I just don't like when the bits on the back get sweaty," Keith complained, scooping his hair up into as high a ponytail as he could.

"Just—hang on," Lance said, ducking into the bathroom and searching through his bag of random toiletries he barely used. At the bottom of the bag, there were a couple bobby pins that his sister had left in there before he stole the bag from her. He stuck them in his mouth and walked back out

into the room, smoothing out the back of Keith's hair and pinning it in place. "See? No weird bits in the back," he said, proudly.

Keith turned around, tried to look at the back in the mirror and failed, then patted it and decided he was satisfied. He kissed Lance on the cheek, muttered his thanks, and went to find a different shirt.

Dumb boy should've known you put your shirt on before you do your hair.

Once Keith decided on the exact shirt Lance had told him to wear an hour ago, they left the dorm hand in hand. It was getting cold enough that Keith was wearing his leather jacket everywhere, and he wore those stupid fingerless gloves even if it was ninety degrees out, so Lance thought he looked kind of like a tiny, unintimidating biker and it was very cute. Lance hadn't bothered with a jacket, so he was freezing, even if he was in a long-sleeved shirt. It was the one with the wide neckline that slipped off his shoulder no matter how he wore it, and it looked really cute over the running tights he never used for running.

Shiro's friend lived about a block from him, in one half of a little duplex, and Lance assumed it was the half bleeding bass. They walked through the door into a crowded living room, so full of people dancing that the floor was literally shaking. The humidity went up by at least sixty percent as soon as they crossed the threshold, and the weed-smell went up by two hundred. Keith tightened his grip on Lance's hand.

It had been a while since they'd been to a real rager, because Keith didn't like being around that many people for a long time, and Lance didn't like going to parties unless he had Keith with him. Of course, they'd gone to a couple the first week of Freshman year, just to get drunk, get high, make out, dance dirty, and do whatever else their parents would've killed them for in high school.

"There's too much bass!" Lance yelled over the bass.

"What?" Keith wasn't actually audible, but that was one word Lance could definitely lipread. He shook his head and just pulled Keith toward the kitchen, where he could see stacks of Solo cups and a couple bottles.

It was a little quieter when they had a wall between them and the unbalanced speakers, and Lance reached for Keith's jacket pocket, pulling out his phone. He'd been making Keith carry it, because Lance didn't have anywhere to put it since unlike most of the girls at this party, he wasn't wearing a bra he could stick stuff in. Or, you know, wearing a bra at all.

"Shiro's out back," he said, and Keith nodded and followed him out.

The weed-smell was worse out back, but Shiro wasn't smoking, just standing by a cooler of beers and talking to a guy Lance didn't recognize. He stood straight and brightened when he saw the two of them, putting an arm around Lance, which Lance appreciated, because he was, once again, freezing his whole ass off. He didn't know how Shiro was in a T-shirt.

Lance missed most of the introductions, because his brain was too busy screaming happy things as soon as Shiro said, "this is Lance and Keith, the guys I'm dating." It was like the first time Keith had come over to Lance's house and introduced himself to his sister as, *Keith, Lance's boyfriend*, and he hugged Shiro and promptly forgot the other dude's name.

"You guys want a drink?" Shiro asked, and they answered immediately, affirmatively, and in unison.

A *drink* turned out to be at least three, because Lance and Keith took shots like it was a competition neither of them were gonna win. Shiro barely kept up with them, and he kept looking at them like he was *surprised* that two college kids knew how to get drunk.

Keith was a little less awkward at parties after he'd had a few drinks, mostly because he forgot that anyone else existed and just started making out with Lance. Maybe Keith still wasn't that great at parties.

But hey, Lance was drunk, and they'd found a couch that didn't have people or people's coats on it, and he was sitting on Shiro's lap with Keith all over him, and there were definitely, absolutely people staring at them. Keith, of course, had forgotten this about the same time he took his coat off and sat right between Lance's spread legs. Shiro hadn't forgotten about the rest of

the room, which was why he kept hiding behind Lance's shoulder, making these little, embarrassed half-laughs, his arm tense around Lance's waist.

Lance couldn't give a fuck about people staring, because he'd always been a showoff. He was just usually a little more vertical while he was doing it. And dancing. Oh, hey, dancing. That still existed.

"Come on," Lance said, but he didn't get to finish his sentence, because Keith's mouth was kind of in the way of any talking. Also, it felt nice, and he wasn't gonna stop a good thing. "Come on," he said again, once Keith finally decided to stop, "I wanna dance, let's go."

Keith frowned. "But I'm *shitty* at that."

"You are not," Lance said, patting him on the cheek. "Now, come on." He stood, knew Keith would come with him, and hooked a finger in Shiro's shirt collar, pulling him along, too. The three of them weren't exactly graceful, because Shiro was trying to hug Lance and walk at the same time, but somehow they ended up in the middle of the living-room-slash-dancefloor.

Someone who recognized Lance started yelling words at him, and so he had to yell words back and hug her, and then he got kind of confused because she was staring over his shoulder like he'd vanished into thin air.

Well. No wonder. Keith and Shiro weren't dancing on any beat Lance knew, but they were kissing, Shiro using the extra height he had on Keith to tip him back and just *take him*. If you'd asked Lance the summer before freshman year what he thought about the concept of another guy tongue-fucking his boyfriend, he'd have said, ew, why are you even asking me this, and no. But Shiro wasn't just another guy, and so the whole thing just made Lance even hotter than the overstuffed room already did.

"Excuse me, I have to go be in the middle of that," he said, not that anyone could hear him, and he stepped up behind Keith, put his hands up his shirt, forward enough that it was ridiculous for Keith to check over his shoulder to make sure it was Lance.

It gave him enough time to slip in between them, and then he did just about enough to disappoint every dance teacher he'd had. Shiro looked at him with his eyes wide for a second, like he didn't know Lance was capable of the perfect body roll, even while he was pretty drunk. Oh, come on, Shiro. Lance could've done that completely wasted.

He didn't have much room to move between the two of them, especially considering how much they both had to have their hands on him like, constantly. He didn't mind, because he could keep a beat even with two people groping him. Having their attention on him was overwhelming, especially when Keith kissed his neck, and Shiro pulled his hips forward so that Lance was grinding against him, and *fuck*, both of them were hard already, and Lance was feeling very smart for wearing a shirt that dropped to his thighs.

Shiro pulled him in for a kiss, one strong hand lifting Lance's leg around his hip, and it was completely, utterly shameless. Keith was still at his back, his hand moving down Lance's thigh until it covered Shiro's, his face just buried in Lance's shoulder, lips moving over his skin, breath hot against him.

Shiro leaned away from him. He looked completely out of it, his eyes unfocused, lips parted just a little, and Lance wasn't sure if it was because of the kissing, the dancing, or the alcohol. Probably a little of all three. Shiro squeezed his thigh and then let go, so Lance was standing on two legs again. He was looking between Lance and Keith, who had started kissing Lance's neck hard enough to leave bruises. Keith seemed to think kissing needed a lot more teeth than most people thought it did, and Lance liked having the marks to show it.

Lance tipped his head back onto Keith's shoulder, which made Keith lift his head, and he glanced at Shiro, eyebrows raised.

"Kiss him," Shiro said, and if it hadn't been the tail end of a song, they wouldn't have heard.

Keith took Lance's chin between his thumb and forefinger, and tipped his face until their lips met. Lance reached up an arm and dropped it behind

Keith's head, tangling fingers in his hair. It wasn't the most comfortable position to be in, with his back against Keith's front and both of their necks craned so their lips connected, but Lance knew he *looked* hot.

Keith's hand dropped from Lance's chin to mirror Shiro's on his hips, and then he went lower, groping Lance through his tights. By now, Keith knew you couldn't hide anything in those things, but he still sucked in a breath when he felt the distinct shape of Lance's cock. Shiro's eyes bounced between their mouths and Keith's hand on Lance. Even though Keith had his hand under Lance's shirt, the motions alone made it pretty obvious what he was doing, moving his palm slow and steady over him, matching the motion of his hips against Lance's ass.

Lance made a high noise into Keith's mouth, because he was *losing it*. His toes curled in his shoes, his fingers pulled on Shiro's shirt, and everything in him felt like it was on fire. Everyone was watching them, everyone was *jealous* of him, because he had the two hottest guys at this party giving him all their attention, groping him and grinding on him like they were about to just go for it and fuck him right here.

He pulled away from Keith's mouth and tipped his head back as far as it would go, taking a few deep, shaky breaths. He let go of Shiro's shirt and smoothed out the wrinkles he'd made across his chest. Keith turned to keep making a mess of Lance's neck, but Lance reached up and pushed his face out of biting-range.

"You gotta stop," he said, turning so he was speaking into Keith's ear.

He could *hear* the thing Keith's eyebrows were doing. "I do?"

"Yes, you do, or I'm gonna come." Lance swore he could feel Keith's cheeks go warmer. Shiro must've liked the look on Keith's face, too, because a slow grin spread across his face and he leaned in closer, kissed Keith over Lance's shoulder.

"Come on," Shiro said, and both of them followed.

Shiro and Lance hung out on the porch for a few minutes while they waited for Keith to pick up his jacket, and Lance's ears started ringing once the door was closed and he couldn't hear the music anymore. He thought Shiro must've been freezing in just a T-shirt, but he seemed just fine. He had this goofy smile on his face, and when Lance scooted closer to him to steal some of his body heat, he put his arm around Lance's shoulders and dropped a noisy kiss onto his temple.

"I love you guys," Shiro said, offhand, like that was a casual statement you just made. Well, sometimes it was. But this time, it had Lance's head spinning, and he turned to look Shiro in the eyes.

"Wait, really?"

"I mean, yeah. But I should probably say it for real, like, *for real, for real*, when I'm not drunk, right?"

"Dude, are you even that drunk? I'm not," Lance said, hopping up onto the railing of the porch with all the dexterity of a drunk person. That was just him, though.

Shiro moved to stand between Lance's legs, his hands on the small of Lance's back to keep him from falling right over. "Here's a secret, okay? I'm a lightweight. It takes maybe two beers to get me drunk, or something stupid like that."

"Oh my god, Keith and I could drink you under the table, dude," Lance said, resting his forearms on Shiro's shoulders, rocking his feet back and forth.

"Probably," Shiro laughed, burying his face in Lance's chest and giggling over something Lance didn't quite get, but it made him happy anyways.

The door swung open and Keith walked out, shrugging his jacket on. "God, Lance, don't fall off of that."

"Why do people keep saying that?" Lance complained, sliding off the railing without even falling a little bit.

"Nobody said that," Shiro said.

"Keith said that."

"Keith!" Shiro perked up like he hadn't noticed Keith walking out the door. He kissed Keith just like he'd kissed Lance—noisy, off-center, and while leaning a whole lot of his weight into them.

"Oh my god, how much did you drink?"

"Not really even that much, I'm just—" Shiro made an indiscernible gesture with his hands, "—like this."

"Come *on*!" Lance yelled, pulling on the two of them, and they stumbled down the stairs after him, mostly because he was pulling pretty hard.

"Do you guys wanna come back to my place?" Shiro asked. He said it with his face in Keith's jaw, because the two of them had apparently stopped at the mailbox to kiss some more.

Cute, but Lance really would've preferred they do that somewhere that was not outside and in December. "Yes, obviously we're going back to your place, unless you really want to try fitting all three of us on our bed—which is bunkbeds," Lance said, and Shiro laughed like he was imagining it.

"No, no," he said, "and, guys? I live this way."

Keith and Lance both turned and followed him in the right direction this time.

It took them way too long to get back, but Lance was at least glad that Keith and Shiro had caught up to him on the drunk-sober scale, because he would've cried if he had to call off the sexy part because one of them was too drunk.

Shiro pulled them into his bedroom and they were a tangled mess for a few seconds, limbs awkwardly out of place, tripping over each others' everything. It was, in hindsight, not the best idea for Lance and Keith to try

to *both* fit on Shiro's lap, but hey, he was a pretty big dude and it worked out... kind of.

"What do you want to do?" Keith asked Shiro, leaning heavily against Lance, one foot braced on the floor to keep him from falling backward off Shiro's lap.

"Why are you asking me?"

"Because I've had sex with Keith lots of times, and also because my ideas aren't always humanly possible," Lance said. Shiro laid back on the bed, pulling Lance with him, until Lance was straddling him with Keith against his back, his hands sinking into the blankets on either side of Shiro's head.

"I don't even know what you guys like, though," Shiro said, looking away from both of them, his Adam's apple dipping as he swallowed.

"So, ask us," Lance said, bending his elbows so he could get closer to Shiro's face, "but I'll give you some hints: I like getting pushed around, Keith likes being pushy, and he tries to be mean but he secretly really likes watching me fuck myself." He could feel a shiver run through Shiro, and he looked at them again, eyes flicking between the two of them.

"Lance likes dirty talk," Keith said, like they were having a tell-Shiro-all-the-kinks party, "and he wants to ride your dick."

Not inaccurate. Lance was pretty sure the way his hips jerked against Shiro's told both of them that Keith was right. Keith sank onto the bed next to Shiro, fingers running through his hair, pushing it off his forehead. Lance reached over and pulled Keith's ponytail out, then crossed his arms in front of himself, pulling his shirt up, teasing.

"You boys want to put on some music for this, or?"

"Absolutely not. Your sex playlist is horrible and that's never happening again," Keith said, and Shiro, who looked like he was about to just go with it and figure out where his phone was, gave them a strange look.

"I don't think I want to know."

"Nope!" Lance said, tossing his shirt over his head.

"Oh, I thought you were gonna do a striptease," Keith said.

"I can do a striptease if you want, baby," Lance replied, rolling the waistband of his leggings down over his hips, liking the way Shiro's hands went tight on his thighs.

"I mean, it'll be a short one. Doubt you're wearing anything under those," Keith said, and Shiro sucked in a breath.

"Maybe not," Lance said. "Shiro, you wanna find out?"

That was all he had to say to get Shiro's hands down the back of his pants, and then Shiro's shoulders rolled back and he let out this beautiful moan, because Lance, of course, was not wearing underwear. He couldn't fit anything under those things. "It's good, right?" Keith said, still curled in a half-circle around them, head propped up on his hand like he was just laying on the couch watching TV. If he didn't have a hand between his legs, Lance would've thought he was completely unaffected. "You still want to ride him?" Keith asked, and Lance got the feeling the question was more for Shiro to object to than him.

"Yeah, dude. Of course," Lance said, and Shiro made a little high noise in his throat that sounded kind of like a gasp, then stopped groping Lance in favor of pulling him down to kiss him. Lance moaned into his mouth, rolling his hips as slow and sensually as he could—he wanted to look good for Keith.

Keith must've appreciated it, because he sat up and got on top of them, grabbing Lance's hips, fucking between his thighs. Lance wasn't sure when the hell Keith had taken his dick out, but it was probably when Lance was distracted by Shiro's mouth. It was a very distracting mouth.

Shiro didn't seem to mind being underneath both of them; he just reached around behind Lance to wrap his hand around Keith's dick. They kissed

over his shoulder again, and Lance couldn't really move with the two of them so close on either side, but he could get Shiro back for all the hickies. When Shiro leaned away from Keith, he had a pair of nice-sized marks on his neck, and he dropped back onto the mattress, throwing his hands above his head.

He heaved a huge sigh and then, "you guys are gonna kill me."

"Are we?" Keith asked, climbing back off the edge of the bed and stripping completely. He peeled Lance's tights down his thighs, and Lance caught the way Shiro stopped for a second and stared at his cock.

"Yeah," Shiro said, and then swallowed, "I mean. It's been a while."

"I'll try to go easy on you," Lance said, with as sweet a smile as he could manage. "No promises for Keith, though."

"Where's your lube at?" Keith was definitely not going easy on him.

"There," Shiro said, pointing at the pair of stacking bins next to the bed. "Top drawer."

Keith opened the drawer, and came back with lube, condoms, and... "Is that a dildo?"

Shiro gave an embarrassed huff. "Yes. Put that away, Keith, I think we have enough dicks between the three of us."

"It's nice," Keith said, before putting it back where it came from. "Nicer than Lance's."

"You take that back, Trevor is a very sweet boy who keeps me company when you're gone."

Shiro slapped a hand over his face. "You *named* it?"

Lance laughed, letting Shiro up so he could get out of that shirt. "I say this with love, but who the actual fuck do you think I am, of course I named it."

"Named after anybody?"

Lance didn't answer, because his brain was busy going haywire over Shiro's abs, and his pecs and all his other muscles that Lance couldn't name. His mouth went dry, and he could've sworn he got harder just looking at Shiro's naked torso.

"Lance?"

"Oh. Shit. Uh, no, it's not," Lance said. "Holy fuck, would someone please tell the universe that real-life people are not supposed to look like they've been through photoshop and back?"

"What?" Shiro asked, hands stilling on the waistband of his jeans.

"He thinks you're hot," Keith said, pulling Lance into his lap. "See, Lance, this is why you should come to the gym with us." Lance could feel his fingers, wet but not too cold, spreading him open. He rocked back, not that there was anything in the right position to be fucking him.

"I have—fuck, I've read the rules on the rec center's... whatever, I know you can't go to the gym shirtless—god, Keith, put it in me."

Keith obeyed, sinking two fingers into him at once, while Shiro just leaned over until his face was in inch from Lance's, his smile bright. "Locker rooms," he said, kissing him once, and Lance wasn't sure if he was moaning because Keith was fingering him, or because he was imagining what the two of them could've been getting up to in there.

Shiro had his nose pressed against Keith's cheek, one hand just above Lance's knee, and the two of them were talking quietly about something, but Lance wasn't really paying attention, because he was trying to angle himself to get Keith's fingers to press against his prostate. When he realized he couldn't do that without falling off Keith's lap, he pulled Shiro into a kiss instead. Shiro didn't let him get too far, though, he pulled away and moved until he was sitting at the head of the bed, popping open the button on his jeans.

"Lance?"

"You want help with those?" Lance asked, and he really wished he could do the thing where he pulled down a zipper with his teeth, but he was pretty sure he'd somehow zip up his tongue. He curled his fingers in the waistband of Shiro's jeans, until Shiro's hands adjusted his so that he had his fingertips hooked into Shiro's boxers, too, grinning up at him.

"All of it, baby," he said, and Lance was pretty sure that someone, at some point, must have told Shiro about *that* kink. Probably Keith. Bastard.

Lance's brain went blank for another long moment once he saw Shiro's dick, and when it came back online, the first thing out of his mouth was, "god, I wanna blow you."

"Later," Shiro said, leaning his forehead against Lance's. "I want to fuck you, first."

Lance must've racked up some seriously good karma to get this to happen. The universe was aligning in some kind of miracle of perfect sex, except—where did Keith go?

"Turn around," Keith said from behind him. "I want you facing me while you do it."

Lance shifted on Shiro's lap and only sort of kicked him. Long leg problems. "Oh, and why's that, you kinky son-of-a-bitch?" he asked, once he was face-to-face with Keith.

"So I can suck your cock." Keith punctuated it by wrapping his hand around Lance's dick. He didn't move his hand, just ran his thumb over the head, then took his hand back, licking Lance's pre-come off his thumb. Again with the karma and the universe and the perfect sex.

"That okay?" Shiro asked, his hand resting at the crease between Lance's thigh and his ass

"Yes, god, yes, that's okay." Shiro pushed two fingers into him, curling them forward so that he hit Lance's prostate. "More than that," Lance said, and Shiro pulled out, spread more lube over his fingers, and fucked into him again, three this time. Lance moaned and hoped Shiro's neighbors were less pissy than his, and then Keith shut him up pretty well with a crushing kiss.

Shiro ran his free hand down Lance's back, stopping when he reached his hip. "God, you're gorgeous."

"I can't exactly see you, but I'm going to go out on a limb and say, back at you, babe," Lance said.

"He's not wrong," Keith said, smiling at Shiro over Lance's shoulder.

Shiro pulled his fingers out of Lance and put his hands on Lance's thighs, pulling them apart. He leaned forward until his chin was over Lance's shoulder, and asked, "you're ready?" Lance nodded, and knew one of them saw.

"He can spread them wider than that," Keith said.

"Fuck yeah, I can." Lance demonstrated that particular ability of his while Shiro reached for the box of condoms.

He heard Shiro suck in a breath behind him. "Still think you guys are gonna kill me."

"Okay, well, before you pass on to the afterlife, would you mind helping me out, here?" Lance asked, grinding back against him. "I can't see behind myself. And I'd really like your dick in my ass about now."

Shiro curved in until his forehead was pressed against Lance's back, and Lance felt his soft laugh as a rush of air against his spine. He put one hand on Lance's hip, guiding him down until—yes, *there*. Shiro didn't try to move him down any further after he got it in, just let him adjust to it, which was nice of him. Lance hadn't exactly been comparing, but he was pretty sure Shiro was bigger than Keith. Sure *felt* bigger.

Keith kissed Lance's neck and his throat, and he reached down between his legs, but Lance grabbed his hand. "Not—not yet, babe. I'd like to last more than thirty seconds, please." Shiro laughed behind him again. "I'm not kidding! He could... he knows how to. He could make me come like, right now."

"Then, he'll have to show me that," Shiro said, both his hands sliding down Lance's thighs. Lance rolled down onto him, a high noise escaping his throat because this position was, apparently, designed to nail him in just the right spot without even trying. Shiro let out a long series of stuttering moans and kissed his shoulder wetly, which would've been gross, but gross was a transitive concept when Lance had anything up his ass.

He couldn't take all of Shiro without getting pretty uncomfortable, so he rolled his hips back a couple times, leaning forward onto Keith, taking Shiro a little more than halfway on each thrust. Lance was already making all the embarrassing little noises Keith only got out of him when they were doing something seriously kinky, and he started to realize he had underestimated how overwhelming it would be to have the two of them on him.

"If you lean back, can you still—?" Keith asked, muffled against Lance's chest.

"Fuck myself? Probably not."

Shiro's hands grabbed his hips, stilling him for a minute. "Just—come here, I wanted a better angle to fuck you, anyway."

Lance melted back against him, let the two of them adjust him so he could unfold his legs and spread them over Shiro's, wider, when Shiro lifted one of his knees to give him more leverage to— "God, fuck, Shiro!" Yeah. Do that.

This was better, so much better, because he could lean his head back on Shiro's shoulder and bury his face in Shiro's neck while Shiro groped his chest, and—Lance wasn't sure if that was a moan or just a surprised noise, and he was the one making it.

"Chill," said Keith, who was between his legs, and who had just licked up the length of his cock. "Seriously, try not to fuck my throat, Lance, not everybody's as good at taking that as you are."

"It's okay," Shiro said, wrapping one strong arm around Lance's waist to keep him still. Lance briefly wondered what it would be like to have Shiro over him, holding him down, and decided it would be awesome. Next time. "He'll be good, won't you?"

Lance grabbed the arm Shiro had across his waist, because he needed to hold onto something, his mouth falling open, unable to articulate exactly *why* that was making him lose his mind.

"In case you were wondering," Keith said for him, because Keith was the best boyfriend ever, "he's got a thing for that. Actually—don't stop, tell Lance how good he is for me, will you?" And then he wrapped his lips around Lance's cock, and Lance decided nope, Keith was the worst boyfriend, absolutely, completely terrible.

"*Fuck*, Lance," Shiro moaned, getting them into a rhythm, fucking him in jerky little thrusts, his fingers tangling with Lance's, keeping him from grabbing Keith's hair, which was considerate.

"Harder," Lance begged, and he could feel Shiro's breath against his temple.

"Can't really—like this," Shiro said, and that alone would've made Lance regret the position, except that Keith was doing *things* to him with his tongue, things that, Lance knew, could make him come just like that. He started getting loud again, not completely sure what he was saying, just that it was a whole lot of both of their names.

"Fuck, Shiro, yes, give it to me, please, *fu-uh-ck*," Lance groaned, low in his chest, screwing his eyes shut, his chest rising and falling dramatically under one of Shiro's hands.

"Lance, open your eyes," Shiro ordered, and he obeyed. Shiro tilted his chin down so that he could see Keith going down on him, his hand wrapped loosely around the base of his cock to keep his lips from going too far

down. "Look at him, Lance, look how much he wants it. Are you gonna be a good boy and come for us?"

Keith could tell he was getting close, because his toes were curling and he could only open his eyes to roll them back. The angle didn't let Shiro really fuck him how he liked it, but the fact alone that it was *Shiro* fucking him had him almost screaming, *yes, yes, I will, yes*. Keith pulled off his cock, pushing himself up on his elbows so he could watch them better, a smile curling onto his lips. "He's so *loud* when he gets close, isn't he?" Keith said, pulling himself up into a sitting position, putting a hand behind Lance's head. "Look at me, Lance," he said.

"Yes—yeah, yeah, he is," Shiro said, a little beyond words, and he kissed Keith's fingers where they were tangled in Lance's hair.

"I'm gonna—" Keith started, and Shiro nodded, and Lance completely did not care that they were planning, until Keith swung a leg over his lap and suddenly he did.

Keith, apparently, had been up to something while Lance was busy screaming and hiding his face in Shiro's neck and unable to concentrate on anything that wasn't Shiro's cock and Keith's mouth. Lance could tell a second before it happened, because the hand Keith laid on his shoulder was slick with lube, and then Keith sank down onto his cock, hot and wet and open for him, and he didn't even get a chance to pull back up before Lance was coming in him.

Lance couldn't stop talking, even when he was coming, except that now, his voice was tight and strangled like he had someone's hand around his throat. "Fuck, yes, so good, *Keith*, ah, *ah!*"

Then he screamed, a high, broken sound that he would've been embarrassed by if Shiro hadn't been whispering encouragement in his ear, a lot of, "come for us, baby, you're so good for us, yes, that's it, yes, Lance." Lance missed the rest of it because his ears popped, and everything went muffled for a few seconds until he came down from it to Keith and Shiro kissing him slow and gentle, and then kissing each other, hotter and significantly less gentle.

He pulled out of Keith in a wet slide down Keith's thigh, and then Shiro lifted him up and over until Lance was curled at his side, his arm over Shiro's chest, squeezing him tight. "He's a hugger," Keith said, stroking Lance's hair.

"I think I know that by now," Shiro laughed, dropping a kiss onto Lance's head. He turned to Keith then, his hand skating over Keith's abs. "What do you want?"

Keith leaned forward and said something into Shiro's ear, and Lance was close enough that he was pretty sure Keith was saying, *fuck me*, and he buried his head in one of the pillows.

"You guys. Oh my god."

"You wanna watch?" Keith asked, as Lance lifted his arm to let Shiro get free of him, and when he looked up a half-minute later, Keith was on his back next to him with Shiro leaning over him, fucking him on his fingers. Keith's hips twisted, his abs clenching up, and Lance knew Shiro had done something good because Keith had his fingers tangled in his own hair, his mouth falling open, lips still swollen from blowing Lance.

"Oh my god," Lance repeated, hiding his face in Keith's hair, because he couldn't watch, his dick couldn't handle that much. Next time, he promised himself, he'd get the two of them to do this first.

Only a few minutes went by before Lance went back on his 'not-gonna-watch' gameplan, because he could hear Keith making those low, breathy noises he made when he was getting fucked, and he looked up to see Keith's legs framing Shiro's hips, and sure, Lance couldn't see the whole of it, but he wasn't an idiot. Shiro was fucking Keith hard, and he must've been doing a damn good job of it, because Keith was flushed almost completely red, his hand wrapped around his own cock, hips grinding back into Shiro's thrusts.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," Lance told him, sitting up a little so he could kiss him, uncurling his free hand and interlocking their fingers. Keith kissed back until he couldn't anymore, and then he just pressed his face to Lance's

cheek and his chest moved with something like a sob. Keith dropped his hands to the bed above his head, like he was holding them up in surrender.

Shiro curled his arm around one of Keith's legs, bending his head to kiss the inside of his knee. "Lance, can you—?" he asked, and Lance wrapped his hand around Keith's cock, circling his thumb around the head, watching Keith shove his hands over his face and make an indiscernable noise behind them. He hadn't done that since early on in his and Lance's relationship, back when he'd been nervous about Lance seeing his O-face or something else stupid like that.

Point being, Lance knew Keith was about to come. He was about to make Keith go off, too, until he was distracted by Shiro's hand heavy on his hip as he tried not to drop himself straight on top of Keith, and Lance felt the stars aligning above them because he had finally, *finally* seen what Shiro's face looked like mid-orgasm. He was beautiful. He probably would've been beautiful even if he did make a weird face.

Keith moaned into his hands again, thrusting into Lance's fist once and then going completely still, cock spilling over his abs, hands shaky as Shiro peeled them away from his face. "You okay in there?" Shiro asked him, and Keith just tipped his head back and groaned, a hitch in it when Shiro pulled out of him.

"I don't fucking know. No. Yes. Very."

"Okay, mister four answers, I am completely okay, in case anybody was wondering," Lance said, curling around Keith, petting his front and skirting clear of the come drying on his stomach.

"Yeah, I can fuckin' tell, Lance," Keith said. "Stop touching me, it's too much, I can't—just kiss me."

Lance kissed him with as little touching as possible, stopping only when he couldn't hold himself up on his arms like that anymore and when he felt Shiro move off the bed. "Excuse me, dude, you fucked us so good Keith has decided he's oversensitive right now and I reserve the right to cuddle after sex, so you can get right back over here."

"I'm getting a towel," Shiro said, and Lance sighed, trying to sound very put-upon about Shiro being a considerate boyfriend.

"Fine, I guess," said Lance, who was still sweaty and also otherwise messy, and he appreciated Shiro much more when he came back than when he was leaving.

By the time the three of them were cleaned off and Shiro's bed was mostly unruined, Keith decided he was okay with cuddles again, and so they had Shiro between them, both their arms stretched out across his chest to hug him. Shiro nosed against Lance's forehead, breathing deep, and Lance did the same and determined they still smelled like sex, and that he was okay with that.

"So, are we sleeping over?" Keith asked.

Lance was about to say, *yeah, duh*, but Shiro answered instead. "Please," he said, and Lance forgot how to be sarcastic for a while and kissed Shiro on the cheek instead.

They were quiet for a few minutes except for their breathing, which was returning to a normal pace at varying rates between the three of them. Lance was very close to just nodding off, until his eyes snapped open and he almost sat bolt upright, except that Shiro's arm was around him and he wasn't going to put that much effort into drama.

"Fuck! I didn't even suck anybody's dick!"

"You can suck my dick in the morning, go to bed," Shiro mumbled, his face muffled by Keith's hair.

"Fine," Lance groaned, flopping back down with his head on Shiro's chest instead of a pillow. "Hey, Shiro."

Shiro made a non-word noise that sounded like a question.

"Did you have to do that thing freshman year where you went to a seminar and they talked to you about goal-achievement and whatever?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, turning to face him, "it was dumb. Nobody ever uses that shit."

"Hey, did you know that I, in fact, did use that shit?" Lance said, scooting up until he was at Shiro's eye-level.

"Why are you telling me this?" Shiro asked, sounding half-asleep already.

Keith's arm squeezed tighter around Shiro for a second and then relaxed, like a very lazy half hug. "Because we just reached our goal."

"Please make better goals than having sex with me."

"Fine. My next goal is to legalize gay polyamorous marriage," Lance decided with a yawn.

Shiro kissed him on the forehead. "I love you, too."

Author's Note:

I mostly reblog stuff about Voltron on my tumblr @luddlestons

I also have a new writing blog @bambi-simmons where I post all my fic and original fiction!